February 11th.

Our troops are embarked, and before this goes the fort will be given up. There now blows the finest cool breeze I ever felt, with a clear sky, and the warmth is not more than a good summer's day in England.

I rise at the firing of the morning gun at daybreak, and ride out. I find it delicious, especially in passing hedges of strong-scented jessamine. There are few gardens, the island being all cane or cotton ground. No trees are left but fruit-trees about the houses.

The town is on hilly ground, and divided into regular squares. Each house has a few cocoa and palm-trees behind it, which makes something of a landscape; but, after Martinique, one's taste is too refined. The great pity is that in that island there is no botanising, or penetrating into the woods and bushes, for fear of the snakes. At St. Lucia, an English officer and his family were sitting at breakfast, and his son, a boy of ten years old, ran with a servant through the orchard to fetch some fruit from a

tree. He passed through a tuft of long grass, in which lay a serpent, that fastened so violently upon his leg, that it was with great difficulty shaken off and